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A FEW WEEKS ON THE CONTINENT.

COLOGNE TO MANHEIM.

LITTLE need be said of Cologne, but that little is pleasing. The town is undergoing a few improvements, the most conspicuous of which is the introduction of gas for lighting, under the management of an English company. Having sufficiently examined the curiosities of the place three years ago, I had nothing left now but to set off for the upper country as speedily as possible. To satisfy the desires of one of my companions, however, I made a round of the churches, and was particularly fortunate in being conducted by an intelligent young gentleman, the son of our innkeeper, who was most assiduous in his attentions and explanations.*

Our visit to the different ecclesiastical edifices took place in the morning; but although we began our round as early as seven o'clock, we found several crowded with worshippers, and in one a school of children, to the number of at least three hundred, were receiving instructions in religious duties from the clergyman and his assistants. It is, perhaps, superfluous to remind the reader that in Prussia, and most other continental countries, religious instruction is communicated solely by the clergy of the different denominations, and that schoolmasters have nothing to say on the subject, further than enforcing those general admonitions which all men willingly recognise. It would be interesting to ascertain how far the religious use made of the morning in Roman Catholic countries is productive of a secular advantage; I do not feel competent to express a decided opinion on a matter so interwoven with national customs, but I think it not unlikely that to this cause may be traced the almost universal, and I should say proper, practice on the continent of early rising—an early commencement of the labours of the day, and a correspondingly early remission from toil in the evening.

To accommodate the state of things now alluded to, steamers proceed at an early hour from Cologne for Coblentz; but being occupied in sight-seeing, our party remained till the time of sailing of one of the latest boats—the John Cockerill, a vessel of great beauty and cleanliness, which carried us upward along the smooth bosom of the Rhine in a style which left nothing to be desired. After my former descriptions of the scenery, need I say one word of the Rhine or its vine-clad banks? Again favoured by the finest weather, we had the pleasure of enjoying in perfection the many highly picturesque points of beauty with which the river is environed. Again, at the middle of the day, and while passing the crags of the Drachenfels, we dined on deck under an awning, which was spread to shelter us from the brilliant sun overhead; and night closed in as our vessel passed the mouth of the Moselle, and ranged alongside the quay at Coblentz. Next day, which happened to be Sunday, the sultriness of the weather had abated, in consequence of a thunder-storm overnight; and with the promise of another voyage equally agreeable, we proceeded upwards to Biberich. This upper division of the river is much more romantic than the part farther down; and to add to the interest of the scene, as we passed through the tortuous channel amidst high precipitous banks, the measured chant of hymns was occasionally wafted to our ears from boat-loads of peasants, either going to or returning from church, and who thus spent the time of their voyage in appropriate devotional exercises. The decency of apparel of the people, their reverend pastor seated at one end of the boat, under a broad red umbrella as a protection from the sun's rays, the careful conducting of the vessel by four sturdy rowers in antique costumes, and the rising and falling cadences of the psalmody, afforded altogether matter for interesting observation and reflection. The opinion formed by us was, that the voyagers belonged to the Nassau or Protestant side of the Rhine, along which we were now passing.

In the latter part of the day we reached the more open part of the river at Johannisberg, where for miles the eye rests on rich fields of vines lying with a warm south and south-western exposure, backed by the high range of the Taunus Mountains. This year, however, neither at the usually favoured tract now mentioned, nor at other places, were the vines so prolific or healthy as they had appeared in 1838. At some portions of the banks, the vegetation was brown and withered, in consequence of the long-continued rains in the early part of summer, and it was the general belief that but a poor harvest would reward the toils of the unfortunate cultivators. Such, I was told, is the precariousness of the vintages on the Rhine, that none of a peculiarly good quality has occurred since 1834.

At the pretty little town of Biberich, a seat of the Grand-Duke of Nassau, we gladly landed from the steamer, which had become greatly overcrowded by holiday parties returning from Bingen to Mayence; and by means of an omnibus waiting the arrival of the boat, we were carried in about an hour to Wiesbaden. It would have been easy to have gone on direct by water to Switzerland without loss of time, but I preferred a land route, for the purpose of seeing the railways of Nassau and Baden, and of observing if these countries exhibited any other marked improvements in their economy. I am happy to say that in almost every locality I saw instances of considerable advancement. At Wiesbaden, the improvements are exceedingly striking. The town has within the last three years been greatly extended and beautified, and long lines of elegant stone buildings are in the course of erection at the approach from the Rhine. The Kursaal has likewise been considerably extended in its dimensions, and now exhibits in front two handsome colonnades, both of which are fitted up as covered walks, and lined on one side with numerous stalls for the exhibition of merchandise. To this elegant place of resort we repaired in the morning after our arrival, and had an opportunity of inspecting many interesting objects of native manufacture. Wiesbaden is celebrated for its carvings of deer's horn, and of these articles there was a most abundant exhibition. Great taste is displayed by the numerous artists in fabricating these fanciful objects—the solid and pure white horn being cut into fragments, and fashioned into rings, brooches, bracelets, small boxes, and even footstools. On all, the carving seems equal to what we see on the ivory toys of the Chinese—scenes being pictured in relief with minute accuracy and enormous labour. The articles are sold to a large extent during the season to visiters, and bring in no small revenue to the humble order of artists in Nassau. There are not, I believe, a sufficiency of deer in the country to supply the raw material of the manufacture, and horns are therefore imported in large quantities from the northern countries of Europe. It is always pleasing thus to find a comparatively obscure town deriving advantage from an article of commerce produced by its own ingenious industry.

The greatest of all the improvements of Wiesbaden is its railway to Mayence, or, more properly, to a point on the Rhine nearly opposite that town. The terminus at the low-lying and sunny environs of Wiesbaden is of imposing aspect, from the number and extent of the elegant buildings which have been erected to accommodate passengers. As the railway is continued from the station opposite Mayence to Frankfort, and is hence in connexion with a populous and wealthy district of Germany, there can be little doubt of its proving a profitable speculation. A local authority mentions, that from the 1st of January to the 30th of June, 82,326 travellers had proceeded from Mayence to Frankfort; and 1,503,758 along its whole route. From experience, I can testify to the regularity of the arrangements, the excellence of the carriages, and the remarkable cheapness of the conveyance. The total distance is twenty-five English miles, and passengers have a choice of four classes of carriages. By the first class, which is fitted up as a coupé, with windows in front, the charge for each person is 4s. 6d.; by the second, which resembles an English first class, the charge is 3s.; by the third, a covered carriage with open sides, and having only wooden seats, it is 2s. 1d.; and by the fourth, which is entirely open, with cross benches, it is 1s. 5d. Fifty-one kreutzers, or seventeenpence, for twenty-five miles, is certainly an amazingly low charge, and, as may be supposed, thousands of persons travel by this line of railway who formerly seldom left home.

During our brief stay at Frankfort, we were gratified by observing various symptoms of improvement, particularly in the exterior of the town, which is greatly beautified by spacious open walks for the citizens, while lines of handsome villas are raised, or in course of erection, for the residence of the more opulent class of citizens. One of these edifices, distinguished by the splendour of its appearance, was pointed out to us as the house of one of the Rothschilds; the Jews, who were formerly compelled to live in a confined quarter by themselves, being now allowed to take up their abode where they please. Frankfort contains a large number of Jews, who form an industrious class of citizens; and for the use of brethren in decayed circumstances, Baron Rothschild has erected and endowed a handsome hospital, which is conducted on a liberal scale.

By the kindness of Mr Pfeil, a merchant in the town, with whom I chanced to travel from Wiesbaden, our party were shown several objects of interest in Frankfort, which might otherwise have escaped our notice. One of these was a copy of the first printed Bible, executed by Guttemberg at Mayence, between the years 1450 and 1455, and which at the dissolution of a monastery became the property of the town. It is now carefully preserved in the public library of the city, under the special charge of one of the custodiers, who brought it forth for our inspection. This rare object of curiosity, which is in the Latin language, consists of two volumes folio, bound in white vellum, and is printed in an exceedingly neat style in large black letter; the first letters of each chapter, however, being executed in a fanciful manner by the pen, in the style of the old missals. As an article of vertu, it is valued at several thousand pounds. What a step in the typographic art from this the first printed copy of the Scriptures, executed with five years' toil, to the steam-printing of our own times! And yet, strange to say, so backward is this art in the country of its birth, that Guttemberg's Bible, executed nearly four hundred years ago, is better printed than the bulk of the German books now issuing from the press.

Conducted by our obliging friend, we had an opportunity of mingling in the parties of citizens who

* The inn was the Pariser Hof, or Hotel de Paris, in the centre of the town, kept by Wilhelm Heinrich Leven. As the young man above referred to speaks English, the house will be found suitable to English strangers unacquainted with the native languages.

crowded the public walks and gardens in the evening, enjoying the free atmosphere, now cooled down from the heats of the day, and also the music played by a band stationed among the trees. In this gay and happy scene all classes, the lower as well as the higher, were assembled, there being no charge whatever for admission, and the only appearance of distinction being the rows of handsome equipages, with their elegantly dressed inmates, which lined the exterior thoroughfare.* To this rational mode of out-of-door amusement, the intelligent and respectable inhabitants of Frankfort are particularly attached, though similar customs exist in all other German cities. Such is the simplicity of manners, that it is customary in the pleasant summer evenings for parties of ladies to meet and drink tea in gardens appropriated to the sale of refreshments. Introduced to one of these places of resort, we found a piece of ground laid out tastefully with small tables beneath the leafy trees, at which sat groups of ladies, all busily engaged in knitting, sewing, and chatting, and enlivened by music from a band stationed in the garden. It is the custom for ladies to invite their friends to these reunions, instead of having parties at home—a practice well worthy of imitation, would our climate and the state of society permit. The ladies, my travelling companions, were charmed with these and other arrangements in the social economy of Frankfort, and exclaimed in concert—"Well, now, here is a town we could stay in; it has such a thriving happy look, and a place more like home than anything we have yet seen." Not only from my own casual observation, but from information gained on the spot, I consider Frankfort to be one of the most agreeable places of residence for English families who are seeking a quarter to settle in on the Upper Rhine, and prefer the bustle of a city to comparative retirement. Most articles of consumption are exceedingly moderate in price. At the time of my visit, bread of a fine quality was 1½d., and coffee only 8d. per pound. As a great entrepôt of British and other goods, all articles of foreign luxury are to be obtained in extensive variety. Since the period of my last visit, a great improvement has been made in the coinage of Frankfort, as well as the adjoining states of Darmstadt, Baden, Bavaria, and I know not how many others. Much of the base money of these governments seems to have disappeared, and they have respectively issued a uniform standard of handsomely executed silver florins or guelders, each worth sixty kreutzers, or twenty-pence English. With respect to smaller coins, the shabby practice still continues of issuing bits of brass with a thin coating of silver. When we get into Switzerland, however, we shall have something more to say on this very convenient plan of making farthings pass for sixpences.

Frankfort is well supplied with hackney calèshes or droskies. I notice this rather common-place fact in order to introduce a circumstance which had made a little sensation in the city some time ago. It appears that hackney coachmen here—as I suppose every where else—when sent out with their master's carriage and horses to take the chance of customers on the stands, were exceedingly apt to forget how many fares they had received during the day, and to leave in their own pockets a few florins by way of commission. The coach-proprietors by no means approved of this mode of conducting business; but all their efforts to the contrary proved abortive. The case became desperate, and required a desperate remedy. The administration announced that they would give a reward of several hundred florins to any person who would suggest an effectual means of checking the fraud in question. No one brought forward any thing feasible. At last, a man in an humble sphere of life, a tailor in the town, made application to be heard on the subject, and his desire being granted, he offered to furnish a remedy at once safe, easy, and effectual; but as it was novel, and might seem doubtful, he would seek no other remuneration than the half of the estimated savings of the coach-proprietors during the first three months of the experiment; further, he stipulated that his name should be concealed, as he dreaded suffering from the vengeance of the drivers. The bargain, on these terms, was immediately struck, and the plan put into immediate execution. It answered admirably, and the ingenious tailor, at the end of the specified period, had the happiness of carrying off a considerably greater number of florins than had been originally offered. The scheme, as nearly as I could understand my informant, is this:—The proprietors of coaches, or droskies, form an association, the business of which is conducted at an office in town. Here all the hackney vehicles are registered and numbered, with the names of their respective drivers. Here each driver, on setting out in the morning, receives a certain quantity of small printed tickets, on which is inscribed the number of the vehicle, the date, and the amount of fare—twenty-four kreutzers. Every person who is conveyed any distance receives one or more of these tickets, as a receipt for his payment. If the fare be only twenty-four kreutzers, he receives one ticket; if forty-eight kreutzers, he receives two; and so on. At the bottom of each ticket there is a sentence to the effect, that "whoever brings this ticket to the Droschkenanstalt (or Droskie Establishment), will receive two kreutzers." The sum of two kreutzers is only two-thirds of a penny sterling, and therefore offers but a small inducement for a passenger to go across half the town to deliver his ticket; yet, practically, the check works well. The tickets pass as coin in the shape of alms to mendicants, or contributions for the poor, or they are paid away to waiters or others, to whom small presents must be given; but many persons retain them till they accumulate to a sum which will warrant the trouble of visiting the Droschkenanstalt. In short, the tickets, one way or other, find their way back to the place whence they were issued, and there they appear in judgment against the sums which have been daily brought in by the drivers, who are thus compelled to pursue a course of honesty, and deliver up all they receive as fares. The only loophole by which they can escape, is to fall in with strangers who are not acquainted with the custom of asking tickets; but the system otherwise may be pronounced to be perfect. In some other towns in Germany—though whether imitative of Frankfort or not, I cannot say—there is a similar practice of giving tickets, which passengers are requested to destroy; but being often thrown away, the driver picks them up and serves them out a second time. It is clear that the plan of the tailor of Frankfort is the best which has yet been contrived to check the depredations of hackney coachmen, and might advantageously be introduced into towns in Britain where such a check is required.

After a short stay, we proceeded on our journey by way of Darmstadt, Heidelberg, and Manheim, the transit between the two latter places being performed by a railway lately opened by the government of Baden. The distance was about fifteen miles, and the charges were as low as those of the railway in Nassau. There are, however, only three classes of carriages, the second, which we happened to select, being no better than the Nassau third; fares by it for each person, thirty kreutzers, or 10d. sterling—certainly cheap enough for carrying one fifteen miles, at the rate of twenty miles an hour. The line, like that of Nassau, proceeds through a flat country, and never sinks or rises above a few feet from the general level. The soil is seemingly an alluvial sand, and must have been easily cut. The success of the undertaking has been less decided than that of the Wiesbaden line; nevertheless, the fact is announced of 29,409 travellers having gone by it between the 1st of January and 30th of June last. We were informed that it was the design of the government to extend the line from Manheim to Carlsruhe and Baden-Baden; and should this be done, a large accession of traffic may be reckoned upon.

The opening of a railway communication from Heidelberg to Manheim, cannot but exert a beneficial influence on both these places and the surrounding country. Heidelberg is a town full of interest and learning, with cheap markets, and a pleasant highland neighbourhood, for it stands within the hilly district of the Bergstrasse. The only serious drawback to which I should consider it exposed, is the great number of *burschen*, or students, attending its university—a set of noisy, fighting, smoking, dirty-looking wretches, the terror of families prizing either tranquillity or decorum. Manheim is therefore preferable as a place of residence to quiet-living folk; and being situated on the very margin of the Rhine, it is placed in the readiest possible communication with England on the one hand, or the interior of Europe on the other. As we paced along the palace-garden walks on a pleasant summer evening, while the rays of the setting sun glittered like gold on the broad bosom of the beauteous stream, we thought Manheim possessed charms for the tasteful and meditative recluse which those of few places could equal.

* All will agree with Miss Sedgwick in her benevolent wish respecting this place of recreation. "We went into the public gardens, which occupy the place of the old ramparts. This green and flowery belt girdling the town is a pretty illustration of turning the sword into the pruning-hook. The redeemed ground is laid out with economy of space and much taste. We passed through copses, groves, and parterres, and came out upon a growth of firs encircling a bronze bust of a benefactor who had contributed to this adornment. As I looked at the children and various other happy groups we passed, I wished there were some arithmetic that could calculate the amount of happiness produced by a man who originated a public garden, and set it off against the results of the lives of those great conquerors whose effigies and trophies cumber the earth!"—*Letters from Abroad to Kindred at Home*, 1841.

CURIOUS HOW THINGS COME ABOUT SOMETIMES.

At the distance of a mile and a half from a certain large town in the west of Scotland, there stands, about a gunshot from the public road, a neat little cottage, or self-contained house, with a circular green in front, trim gravel walks, and a tidy, well-kept garden. A good many years ago, this little, pleasant, modest residence was occupied by a Mr James Warrington, an extensive jeweller and watchmaker in the city.

Mr Warrington was at this time in respectable circumstances, and bore the character of an upright and worthy man; a character which he justly deserved. His family consisted of himself, his wife, two sons, and two daughters. The latter, respectively, were twelve and fourteen years of age; the former, seventeen and twenty-one. The name of the eldest of the two sons was Edward—a young man of excellent dispositions, agreeable person and manners, and correct principles.

At the time our story opens, Edward Warrington was paying his addresses to a young lady of the name of Langdale; and as the attachment of the youthful pair was approved of by their parents, they both looked forward to a happy consummation of their intimacy. In truth, their marriage was only delayed until Edward should have been formally and legally installed a partner in his father's business—a proceeding which, it was proposed, should take place so soon as Mr Warrington had completed some large payments for plate then impending; it being deemed advissable that the concern should be entirely free at the period of Edward's becoming a partner. It was expected that this would be accomplished in about six months. Matters, then, stood in this position with the family of Mr Warrington, when the latter returned one morning from the shop—it was a Monday morning, the only one on which he was in the habit of going to the shop before breakfast—in a state of great agitation and excitement. On entering the house, he hurried into a little back parlour, followed by his wife in great alarm at the unusual perturbation he exhibited, and flung himself on a sofa in a state of distraction. It was a second or two before he could speak. At length, "Jess," he said, addressing his wife, "we are ruined—utterly ruined. The shop has been broken into between Saturday night and this morning, and at least five thousand pounds' worth of plate and watches carried off. I have been along with the police through all the most blackguard haunts in the city, but can discover no trace of either the thieves or the goods. The police say that the robbery has been committed by experienced hands—clean and cleverly done, as they call it; and that there is great doubt of any part of the property ever being recovered."

At the time this misfortune happened, young Warrington was from home; he was on a journey for his father; and the first intimation he had of it was from a newspaper paragraph headed, "Extensive robbery of silver plate and watches." On hearing the distressing intelligence, which, however, he hoped might not turn out so bad as it was represented, Edward Warrington hurried home. On his arrival at his father's house, he found, as might have been expected, the family in the utmost distress, and, to his further grief, discovered that the extent of the robbery stated in the newspapers had not been exaggerated.

For many weeks the Warringtons indulged in hopes, which, however, became daily more and more faint, that some clue would be found to the robbery, and a portion, at least, of the stolen property be recovered. These hopes were never realised; the robbery had been, as the police said, clean and cleverly done. No trace of the perpetrators, or of any part of the property, was ever discovered.

In the mean time, the last of the bills due by Mr Warrington for the plate in the shop—or, rather, for the plate that *had* been in the shop, for it was of this plate he had been robbed—became due, were paid, punctually paid, and this worthy person left almost literally without a sixpence. Mr Warrington might have urged the robbery as a plea for bankruptcy—that proceeding having been often adopted on far less excusable grounds—and by such means have contrived to retain some little thing in his hands for the immediate support of his family. But he was too upright and too conscientious a man even to think of such a course; he determined, whatever might be the consequence to himself, to pay his debts to the uttermost farthing, and to bear alone the burden of his own misfortunes—the honest man having no idea of throwing any portion of that burden on the shoulders of others, as many good people are in the habit of doing.

The ruin which had overtaken the Warringtons, in the distressing and unexpected way mentioned, put an end for the time to the proposed union between Edward and Miss Langdale; for the latter was of a class, alas! too numerous, too often to be met with in society—amiable, accomplished, beautiful, and penniless. It was a severe blow to the young couple;

for, perhaps, never did two persons love each other with so deep and sincere an affection. But there was no help for it—no present remedy. They must content themselves with living on till better fortune should enable them to aspire at a yet greater degree of happiness.

"We must just have patience, Edward," would the fair and gentle girl say, looking smilingly in his face the while, when the former was deploring, with an impetuosity unusual to him, the hard destiny which had so cruelly interposed to keep them asunder.

"Patience! Lizzy—patience!" would he reply, as he walked up and down the apartment with hasty step and excited manner. "Yes, I will try to have patience; I will. But it's hard, very hard, to have a cup so brimful of bliss as mine was, so suddenly dashed from one's lips."

Mr Warrington, who was now a heart-broken as well as a ruined man, struggled on for a few years in a small way of business, his son Edward assisting him, but with no good result; they could not make a living of it. In these circumstances, both father and son listened eagerly to the advice of a near relative of the former, who proposed their going out to New South Wales, and offered them, upon advantageous terms, the loan of from two to three hundred pounds to engage in the farming or grazing line there, together with a sum sufficient to defray their expenses out.

With this proposal the Warringtons gladly closed, and, in two months after, sailed from Greenock for Sydney. The parting between Edward and Eliza on this occasion, was marked by all the poignancy of grief which usually attends the severing of two fond hearts. It was, indeed, arranged that if any reasonable degree of success attended the united efforts of the Warringtons in the new country to which they were going, Edward should return for Eliza, and carry her out his wedded wife. But all this was so vague and uncertain, that it tended but little to alleviate the pain of their separation. They, however, "tore themselves asunder," after many solemn pledges to keep their faith inviolate till death, and a mutual understanding that they should, in the mean time, maintain a close and regular correspondence.

For many years after the Warringtons went to New South Wales, they had a severe struggle with all the most formidable difficulties that usually beset the emigrant of limited means. They had been, besides, exceedingly unfortunate in the choice of a location, and the consequence was an amount of labour and discomfort under which they believed they must finally sink. Their prospects were, in short, of the most gloomy kind, and year after year passed away without bringing the slightest improvement. Indeed, it was the reverse, for, at the end of some eight or ten years, the Warringtons were again on the brink of ruin.

The letters that Edward wrote home to Eliza, during this period, were full of love and affection, but they contained, also, the most discouraging accounts of the present condition and prospects of the writer and his family. Each letter, in short, although it tended to strengthen Eliza's confidence in the fidelity of her lover, only showed how hopeless was the prospect of their union.

A period of nearly ten years had now elapsed, and the last letter Eliza had from Edward was as desponding as the one preceding. It was about a year after she had received this letter, and when she was anxiously looking for another which had been unusually delayed, that Eliza was startled at a pretty late hour one evening, by a loud and impatient rapping at her father's door. The door was opened by the servant. Miss Langdale listened—she heard her name mentioned. "Heavens! whose voice was that? Was it not *his*?" She grew pale as death; her limbs shook beneath her; she grasped a chair for support. A foot was heard lightly and rapidly ascending the stair; the door of the apartment in which she was, was flung violently open—a person rushed in—in the next instant she was in the arms of Edward Warrington!

What could this mean! what could have brought him home! He was in high health and spirits, too, and presented any thing but the appearance of a careworn and unsuccessful man. It was a mystery. Miss Langdale looked her perplexity. Edward understood the look; he smiled and said—"You are rather surprised to see me, Eliza, but I shall astonish you more when I shall have told you all. In the mean time, let me mention that I have not returned alone; the whole family are with me—father, mother, sisters, and brother—all in excellent health and spirits, and, what will appear to you still more inexplicable, with plenty of 'gold in store,' as the old song says. The family I have left at the Black Bull inn, from which they intend going into private lodgings in a day or two, and there remaining until a suitable house is taken and furnished. Father and I intend thereafter commencing our old business, and, if possible, in our old shop. And *I* intend," said Edward, looking slyly at Eliza, "immediately after that again, or before, if she prefers it, leading, as the newspapers phrase it, the blooming Eliza Langdale to the hymeneal altar—that is, of course, if the said blooming Eliza Langdale has no objections to be so led."

Miss Langdale blushed. Her perplexity and amazement increased; she hinted that an explanation would be acceptable.

Edward smiled and said: "It's rather a curious story—something in the romance way—but you shall have it briefly. About a year and a half ago, there came a person of the name of Rapsley to settle in a location next to ours. He was a sheep farmer; had been several years in business in another part of the country, and had, by several successful speculations in wool and grain, acquired a vast deal of money. He was unmarried, had no family, and no one about his establishment but hired servants. With this man, whom we found very obliging, though of rough, blunt, and eccentric manners, we soon became very intimate. He seemed to feel for our situation, and evinced an anxiety to serve us, for which, while grateful, we were at a loss to account. He used to come often to our house, and seemed to take a lively interest in the history of our misfortunes, especially in that part of it which related to the robbery of our shop, regarding which he put many questions, and appeared to muse deeply on our replies. We remarked this singularity in Rapsley's conduct, but could not, of course, understand what it meant.

For some time, we knew nothing more of the life and character of our neighbour than what was comprised in the circumstances regarding him above mentioned; but we at length found out that he was an emancipated convict. On making this discovery, we avoided his society as much as possible, and assumed a distance and coldness of manner towards him, with the view of inducing him to refrain from visiting us; but although he could not but perceive this change in our manner, he persevered in calling on us as usual.

Matters went on in this way for some little time—we endeavouring to get rid of our new acquaintance by a repulsive deportment, and he persevering in maintaining his footing in despite of this treatment—when he called on us one morning at breakfast time. We remarked something unusual in his manner on this occasion. He seemed to have some express purpose in view—some object to accomplish—something particular, in short, to communicate.

Having refused, in his blunt way, to share in our morning meal, to which common civility induced us to invite him, he sat smoking in sullen silence by the fire till we had done. On seeing that we had concluded, Rapsley, who seemed to have been anxiously and impatiently waiting this result, drew his pipe, a short black stump, from his mouth, and addressing my father, said—'Mr Warrington, I'd wish that you'd take a turn out with me a bit; I've something particular to say to you.'

My father was rather surprised at the request, but still more so at the earnest manner of Rapsley. 'Oh, surely, surely, Mr Rapsley,' said my father, but with some dryness of manner, for he had no idea of the latter's proposed familiarity and companionship. They went out together, leaving us in a state of tantalising suspense and curiosity to know what Rapsley's intended communication might be; we could not conjecture what could possibly be the subject of it, although we supposed many things. In about an hour after, my father returned. He was in a greatly excited state; but it was the excitation of joy mingled with surprise. We crowded round him. 'Well, my children,' he said, throwing himself down in a chair, 'here is a most extraordinary affair. Who do you think this man Rapsley is? Why, the identical person who broke into and robbed my shop ten years ago! He has told me so himself just now. But this is not all. He says, if I will let him know the exact amount of which I was robbed on that occasion, he will refund every farthing with interest.' Need I describe to you, Eliza, our amazement, our joy, at this communication? I don't suppose it's necessary. We, however, had doubts of the money being produced; but in this we did Rapsley an injustice. In three weeks after, this person put into my father's hands three drafts, on three different banks in Sydney, amounting together to L.7500. On being thus strangely and unexpectedly put in possession of so large a sum, we resolved on returning to our native land. This determination having been communicated to Rapsley, he insisted on defraying the expense of our passage home, and, on our leaving, presented my father with an additional L.1000, by way of compensation for the injury he had done him, to which he added many expressions of sincere sorrow for his crime."

Such, in substance, was the communication made by Edward Warrington to Miss Langdale.

The sequel of our little tale is now soon told. By a curious chance, Mr Warrington got both his old shop and his old house again, the latter having been a much-loved residence; and in a short time the former presented almost precisely the same appearance which it had done a dozen years before, when Mr Warrington was in the hey-day of his prosperity. By and by, Messrs Warrington and Son fell into one of the best businesses in the line in the city; for, although many of the oldest and best friends of the former had disappeared during the interval of his absence, many yet remained to him, and these lent a willing and effective hand towards reinstating him in his former position. Looking at the gentlemanly figure and mild countenance of the respectable old man, for the ten years that had passed had thus classed him, as he stood behind his counter—his spectacles raised high on his forehead—his hair whitened, perhaps as much by distress of mind as by age—no one would have dreamt of the vicissitudes he had gone through.

Immediately after the business of the Messrs Warrington had been started, Edward and Miss Langdale were married. A few years more, and the elder Warrington retired from the concern; being enabled, by the restoration of his property, and the subsequent success of the business, to enjoy an age of ease and tranquillity. A few years more, and a son of Edward Warrington, whose marriage had been a happy one in all respects, came into the shop to assist his father. He was shortly followed by another. The lads grew up; they became men. A signboard appeared, on which was inscribed, "Edward Warrington and Sons." It indicated one of the most extensive and wealthiest concerns in the city.

SKETCHES OF SUPERSTITIONS.

OCCULT SCIENCES OF THE ANCIENTS.

THE present article, we conceive, may fitly be introduced towards the close of the lengthened series of papers which have now been given on the subject of Superstitions. Its purpose is to review a number of the most remarkable phenomena recorded in history, which have been viewed by ignorance and credulity as miracles and prodigies, as well as to examine how far these were attributable either to the simple and spontaneous agency of nature, or to the practices of designing men, better skilled in occult sciences than those on whom they sought to impose. A very able work on this subject was published in Paris a few years ago by M. Eusèbe Salverte, which, though not translated, as far as we are aware, into English, was so minutely and ably reviewed in the Foreign Quarterly Review at the time of its appearance, that we have the advantage of possessing a full sketch of the learned author's investigations. This treatise, with some others on the same subject, and particularly the recent work called Thaumaturgia, supply ample materials for our comparatively brief sketch.

Of the class of seemingly marvellous phenomena referable to the simple operation of natural causes, whether unseen, neglected, or misunderstood, numberless instances might be drawn from the pages of history—and instances where the attestation is too strong to permit a doubt of the actual occurrence of the apparent marvel. Take, for example, the much-famed miracle which Milton thus speaks of:

> "Thammuz came next behind;
> Whose annual wound in Lebanon allured
> The Syrian damsels to lament his fate
> In amorous ditties all a summer's day;
> While smooth Adonis from his native rock
> *Ran purple* to the sea, supposed with blood
> Of Thammuz, yearly wounded."

This marvel arose from the fact of the river Adonis being impregnated during certain seasons with dust raised from the red soil of Mount Libanus, near which its course lay. Any man of common acuteness, who took the trouble to look into this matter, must have discovered the truth; but the ignorant public were perfectly contented with the supernatural solution, and there the matter rested. Again, a rock near Corfu bore, and still bears, the likeness of a ship. It was accordingly set down, in the religious creed of Greece and Rome, as the identical Phœnician ship which Neptune turned into stone, on account of its having previously borne Ulysses, the slayer of his son Polypheme. A number of similar resemblances have since been discovered; and one, existing near the Cape of Good Hope, has been held by some as the real origin of the legend of the Flying Dutchman. Certain plants, also, are mentioned by Pliny as having the "magical property" of congealing water. The truth here is, that the juice of vegetables of a highly mucilaginous character becomes inspissated or highly thickened on being poured into water, but of course quite in a natural manner. A like erroneous interpretation of a simple natural fact was made by Virgil in the case of silk. He says that it was gathered by the *seres* "from the leaves of the trees on which it *grew*," when it was only deposited there by the silk-worm. When very young, a brood of rattlesnakes was observed to retreat into the mouth of the mother on the approach of danger; and this at once raised the report, which Virgil sanctions, that such animals bring their progeny into the world by the mouth.

Other marvels of a purely natural origin are mentioned in abundance by the historians of Rome. For example, they describe with awe the appearance of two suns at one time in the heavens. This is a phenomenon which has often been witnessed in England and other places, and is caused simply by the clouds being so arranged as to reflect the image of the actual luminary. Armies were seen in old days fighting in the air; and as the phenomenon always took place when mortal troops were really campaigning on the solid earth, the appearance was held as a fearful supernatural omen. The same thing has been seen in recent times. Sully, an unquestionable authority, saw troops battling in the air before the battle of Ivry. His master, Henry, was then skirmishing at a short distance, and, beyond doubt, the appearance was caused by reflection in a peculiar state of the atmosphere. This explains why the marvel always took place when armies were really in the field. If it be remarked that it was frequently observed on the eve of and not during battle, we believe the explanation of this to be, that the reflected semblance of an army, even when at rest, would be so wavering and so much broken, as to have the appearance of troops actually in an engagement. Again, fiery spears are mentioned as having been seen in the heavens. We need not go beyond the boreal lights for an interpretation of this species of vision. Showers of milk, of blood, of stones,

of ashes, and of frogs, have all been paralleled in our own times; or at least substances have fallen which might really receive some of these appellations, while, in other cases, they did not come from the sky at all. The blood-red spots left on stones and leaves in summer are deposited, it is now known, by flies, and those seen on snow have been ascertained to be a vegetable production. Milky spots might readily result from the solution of light-coloured aerolites in water, or from a fall of them mixed with snow. In May 1819, hailstones of great size, some of them weighing a pound, fell in the commune of Grignoncourt, in the department of the Vosges. On being allowed to melt, a thin coffee-coloured stone, flat, and about the size of a two-franc piece, with a hole in the centre, was found in each. The solution of these would produce a dingy milky appearance in water. As to falls of simple stones, these are too common to require explanation. Millions of them fell at one time within these few weeks in the north of Europe. Showers of frogs and fishes are also too frequent in Scotland alone to render a supernatural interpretation necessary.

Of natural phenomena such as these, the priests and soothsayers of antiquity took ample advantage, always interpreting them in any way they thought fit. They could, however, make miracles, when nature gave them none. It may be inferred that the Chaldean magi, for example, possessed a considerable amount of knowledge of the physical sciences, though self-interest and the rules of their caste dictated its concealment from the general public. Their undoubted advances in astronomy and other exact sciences lead us to such a conclusion, and it is borne out by our acquaintance with their studies. The learned Jew, Moses Maimonides, reveals to us that the first part of the Chaldean magic consisted in the study of *metals, plants*, and *animals;* the second comprehended the study of the weather, the air, astronomy generally, and the fit times and seasons for experimental and magical operations; while the third part of the course had reference to the ceremonies to be practised at or before such processes. While the first part of the course directly indicates the pointed attention paid by these earliest philosophers of the world to chemistry, organic and inorganic, even the last section of the course must be viewed as of importance in the case of experimental deceptions. It would be very convenient for a trickster to tell his dupes that the success of the marvel depended on their adherence to certain rules, such as shutting their eyes at a fixed period in the operations. To envelop a simple fact in a cloud of unmeaning rules was the best way, moreover, of giving it a mystic and profound character. Here also lies the cause of much acquired knowledge being lost in the course of time, instead of augmentations being made to it. The later magi possessed, for the most part, but the shadow without the substance.

In entering into details respecting the knowledge possessed by the ancients in the physical sciences, we must take up the subject at a period somewhat later than that of the Chaldean magi. But we have various hints respecting the early physics of the East in existing works. The flying-chariot, for example, of the 110th and 115th nights of the Arabian Tales, is mentioned not as a magical structure, but as a masterpiece of human art. A vessel with a small boat attached to it is also mentioned in these tales. The description of this machine comes very near to that of a balloon. "The vessel," it is said, "shooting into the air, rapidly transports the traveller to the place of his destination." As attempts have apparently been made by man in all ages to traverse the air, it is not unlikely that the idea of this machine may have been suggested by some real attempts at aërostation with rarefied air. The astonishing tricks of the *modern* Indian jugglers, now well known, seem to have been early practised. The old writer Apollonius mentions, that when he visited an Indian temple, the priests struck the ground in cadence with their wands, and the ground undulated like the sea to the height of about two yards. It is probable that the wands gave the signal here to a scene-shifter. Some light is thrown on the mechanical means by which this trick was effected, by the visible remains of a similar kind of apparatus in the sanctuary of the temple of Ceres at Eleusis. The floor is rough, unpolished, and on a much lower level than that of the entrance portico. That a moveable wooden floor once covered this, is rendered extremely probable by the existence of two deep grooves, which apparently received pulleys for raising some heavy body; there are also grooves in which the counterpoises might have been suspended, and eight large holes, pierced in as many blocks of marble raised above the ground, in which pegs might have been inserted, to fix, when necessary, the wood-work at its proper level. Priests in India, and priests in Greece, seem to have been all of one kidney.

Apollonius also saw tripods or stools, which, like those of Olympus mentioned by Homer, took their places at table without any apparent moving cause. Great mechanical ingenuity must have been exercised in such a case as this, to hide the process from the eyes of an acute and inquisitive stranger. The Roman magistrates, in the year 186 B.C., detected the trick of a machine which raised into the air individuals whom the priests wished to represent as carried off by the gods; and the same kind of machine was afterwards openly introduced into the theatres.

The knowledge of acoustics possessed by the ancients is shown to have been very considerable, by the numerous marvels reported of the oracles of old, the contrivances effecting which have been discovered in many cases. Being a faculty dependent on man's physical constitution, the counterfeiting of sounds, or ventriloquism, must doubtless have been a customary practice with the priests. At the command of the gymnosophists of Upper Egypt, a tree spoke to Apollonius. "The voice was distinct, but weak, and similar to the voice of a woman." Though the "weakness" would indicate the concealment of the speaker (a child, most probably) in the tree, yet a knowledge of the art of Monsieur Alexandre would have accomplished the trick even without resorting to such means. But the common stratagem in the case of oracular images and heads was simply the dexterous concealment of some party in or near the image. Theophilus, bishop of Alexandria, exposed the cheats of the pagan priesthood by showing that their talking statues were hollow within, and communicated with dark passages in the walls. At Pompeii, at this hour, such passages are visible in the sanctuaries of the temples. A knowledge of acoustics would be requisite to render even these contrivances safe and available, but the ancients were acquainted with deeper secrets connected with the science. "As an engine of terror, we find the imitative thunder of the Egyptian Labyrinth (Plin. Hist. Nat. xxxvi. 13), and a contrivance which distinguished this model of all similar buildings was likely to be repeated in every other. Organs, hydraulic organs especially, were well known to the ancients. The inference, we think, is plain in the latter case, and the former leads at once to the supposition of some scheme analogous to that employed for the invisible girl, and exhibitions of a similar description; an hypothesis which throws some light upon the expression of Mercurius Trismegistus, that the Egyptian priests 'possessed the art of constructing gods,' statues endued with intelligence, which predicted the future, and interpreted dreams (Merc. Tris. Pymander. Asclepius, 145, 165). He even states that theurgists devoted to less pure doctrines could make gods, statues animated by demons, and which, by supernatural virtues, were but slightly inferior to the sacred works of the true priests; in other words, says M. Salverte, the same secret in physics was employed by two rival colleges of priests. The principles which govern the reverberation of sound are so easily to be apprehended by an acute observer, that however absurd may have been the exoteric doctrines of the priests with regard to echo, we can scarcely suppose them to have been ignorant, if not of its true nature, at least of the laws by which it is governed; and adding this to the fact, that under peculiar circumstances an echo has been returned from the clouds, there will be found few more efficient instruments of delusion and terror."

The most effective principles of the science of optics are so simple in their character, that the discovery of them by the ancients can scarcely be doubted; and it is reasonable, also, to conclude, that from them sprung the illusive appearances of spirits, demons, palaces, and the like, presented by the priesthood to the people. The rudest form of the *camera* requires, we know, but a small aperture in the side of an otherwise perfectly dark room, and yet that shape of the instrument is a perfectly efficient one. Could we believe such a natural phenomenon to have escaped the eyes of men so generally acute as the priests of antiquity? Again, does not the following passage almost demonstrate that the phantasmagoria is not a modern invention, but a re-discovery? It is from a very ancient writer. "In a manifestation which ought not to be revealed...there appeared on the wall of the temple a mass of light, which seems at first very distant; it transforms itself, as if in contracting, into a face evidently divine and supernatural, but of a severe aspect, mingled with mildness, and very beautiful. According to what is taught in a mysterious religion, the Alexandrians honour this as Osiris and Adonis." The Foreign Quarterly reviewer, already quoted, thus speaks on the subject of the optical knowledge of the ancients. "Under the head of *Optics*, M. Salverte slightly considers the question if telescopes were known to the ancients, which he answers in the affirmative; to this conclusion we had long since arrived, and shall briefly state the grounds on which that opinion principally depends. If we admit that tradition must have truth for its basis, the traditionary evidence on this point is strong, the direct evidence the same, the inductions still stronger. Aristotle (Meteor. 1) states that mirrors were employed by the Greeks when they surveyed the appearances of the heavens. We learn from D'Herbelot that the Persians pretend that Alexander the Great found a mirror in Babylon in which the universe was represented. The Pharos of Alexandria is said to have contained, under the Ptolemies, a mirror in which the approach of distant vessels might be discerned. Strabo remarks (lib. iii. c. 138), that vapours produce the same effect as the tubes in magnifying objects of vision by refraction, thereby implying, as Sir William Drummond has observed, that lenses were placed in the tubes of the dioptrons. In the Arabian Nights' Entertainments, night 606, an ivory tube one foot in length and one inch in diameter, furnished with a glass at each extremity, is spoken of, by applying which tube to the eye, objects that we desire to see may be discovered. Roger Bacon speaks of Cæsar having examined the coast of Britain from that of Gaul by means of a glass. That the use of metallic mirrors was well known to the ancients, is evident. Aulus Gellius (Noct. Att. xvi. 18), on the authority of Varro, mentions mirrors which presented multiplied and inverted images, and, what is more remarkable, which in a particular position lost the property of reflecting. The stories of the destruction of the Roman fleet by the burning mirror of Archimedes, and that of Vitalian by a similar contrivance of Proclus, may be apocryphal, without invalidating the fact that the ancients knew that such a use might be made of them; and from this to the examination of the image formed in their focus, the interval was trifling. But further, the exquisite delicacy of the engraving of antique gems seems to involve the supposition of some arrangement of lenses corresponding to a microscope, which again implies some previous knowledge of the telescope, particularly if the statement of Suidas is to be considered conclusive as to the fact that burning mirrors were occasionally made of glass." Sir William Drummond also points out the strong improbability that the ancients could have attained their astronomical knowledge without the aid of proper instruments. From their numbering fifteen planetary bodies, for example, it is reasonable to infer that the Brahmins had discovered the satellites of Jupiter. It is certain that the Persians and Egyptians believed the Milky Way to be a galaxy of stars, a fact only verified by Galileo with the telescope.

This subject, we find, cannot be satisfactorily reviewed in one article. The chemistry of the ancients, with other sciences, will therefore be taken up in another number.

A CHAPTER IN THE LIFE OF A POOR MAN.

[We here introduce to the notice of the reader a narrative which has been written at our request by the individual whose adventures it relates. The author is one of the depressed class of hand-loom weavers, probably in no respect different from the rest of that body, excepting in his possessing an intellect somewhat above the common standard. Accident having made us acquainted with him, we were inclined to believe that a piece of autobiography from such a man might, from its truthfulness, not only prove striking as a picture of human life, but possess some value as a report to one class of the community of the condition and experiences of another.]

In the spring of 1837, the failure of certain great commercial establishments in America, combining with other causes, silenced, in one week, upwards of 6000 looms in Dundee and the various agencies in its connexion, and spread dismay throughout the whole county of Forfar. Amongst the many villages thus trade-stricken, none felt the blow more severely than that of Newtyle, near Cupar-Angus. This village was new, having sprung up since the completion of the Dundee Railway a few years ago. It consisted chiefly of weaving-shops and dwellings for the weavers. The inhabitants, about two hundred in number, were strangers to the place and to each other, having been recently collected from distant places by advertisements promising them many advantages, but which, when the evil day came, were little regarded. While employers were, some unwilling and many unable, to do any thing for the relief of those whom they had brought together for their own purposes, the people of the neighbourhood, including those of the old village of Newtyle, regarded them with stern prejudice, as intruders "that naebody kent naething about." It were too much to say that they were positively persecuted by their neighbours, but certainly they received no sympathy in their distresses from that quarter, much less any relief.

A little while thinned the village, those only remaining who had many children, and were obliged to consider well before they started. To these (and I was of the number) one web was supplied weekly, bringing five shillings. The weaver will know what sort of job the weaving of an "Osnaburg" was at that price. It had been a stiff winter and unkindly spring, but it passed away, as other winters and springs must do. I will not expatiate on six human lives subsisted on five shillings weekly—on babies prematurely thoughtful—on comely faces withering—on despondingyouth and too quickly declining age. These things are perhaps too often *talked of*. Let me describe but one morning of modified starvation at Newtyle, and then pass on.

Imagine a cold spring forenoon. It is eleven o'clock, but our little dwelling shows none of the signs of that time of day. The four children are still asleep. There is a bed-cover hung before the window, to keep all within as much like night as possible; and the mother sits beside the beds of her children, to lull them back to sleep whenever any shows an inclination to awake. For this there is a cause, for our weekly five shillings have not come as expected, and the only food in the house consists of a handful of oatmeal saved from the supper of last night. Our fuel is also exhausted. My wife and I were conversing in sunken whispers about making an attempt to cook the handful of meal, when the youngest child awoke beyond its mother's power to hush it again to sleep, and then fell a-whimpering, and finally broke out in a steady scream, which of course rendered it impossible any longer to keep the rest in a state of unconsciousness. Face after face sprung up, each with one consent exclaiming, "Oh,

mother, mother, gie me a piece!" How weak a word is sorrow to apply to the feelings of myself and wife during the remainder of that dreary forenoon!

We thus lingered on during the spring, still hoping that things would come a little round, or that at least warmer weather would enable us, with more safety, to venture on a change of residence. At length, seeing that our strength was rapidly declining, I resolved to wait no longer. Proceeding to Dundee, I there exchanged, at a pawnbroker's, a last and most valued relic of better days for ten shillings, four of which I spent on such little articles as usually constitute "a pack," designing this to be carried by my wife, while other four shillings I expended on second-hand books, as a stock of merchandise for myself; but I was very unfortunate in my selection, which consisted chiefly of little volumes containing abridgments of modern authors, these authors being generally of a kind little to the taste of a rustic population.

On a Thursday morning we forsook our melancholy habitation, leaving in it my two looms and some furniture (for we thought of returning to it), and the key with the landlord. On the third day, Saturday, we passed through the village of Inchsture in the Carse of Gowrie, and proceeded towards Kinnaird. Sunset was followed by cold sour east winds and rain. The children becoming weary and fretful, we made frequent inquiries of other forlorn-looking beings whom we met, to ascertain which farm-town in the vicinity was most likely to afford us quarters. Jean, my wife, was sorely exhausted, bearing an infant constantly at the breast, and often carrying the youngest boy also, who had fairly broken down in the course of the day. It was nine o'clock when we approached the large and comfortable-looking steading of B——, standing about a quarter of a mile off the road. Leaving my poor flock on the wayside, I pushed down the path to the farm-house with considerable confidence, for I had been informed that B—— (meaning, by this local appellation, the farmer) was a humane man, who never turned the wanderer from his door. Unfortunately for us, the worthy farmer was from home, and not expected to return that night. His housekeeper had admitted several poor people already, and could admit no more. I pleaded with her the infancy of my family, the lateness of the night, and their utter unfitness to proceed—that we sought nothing but shelter—that the meanest shed would be a blessing. Heaven's mercy was never more earnestly pleaded for than was a night's lodging by me on that occasion. But "No, no, no," was the unvarying answer to all my entreaties.

I returned to my family. They had crept closer together, and, except the mother, were fast asleep. "Oh, Willie, Willie, what keepit ye?" inquired that trembling woman; "I'm dootfu' o' Jeanie," she added; "isna she waesome-like? Let's in frae the cauld." "We've nae way to gang, lass," said I, "whate'er come o' us. Yon folk winna hae us." Few more words passed. I drew her mantle over the wet and chilled sleepers, and sat down beside them. My head throbbed with pain, and for a time became the tenement of thoughts I would not now reveal. They partook less of sorrow than of indignation, and it seemed to me that this same world was a thing very much to be hated; and, on the whole, the sooner that one like me could get out of it, the better for its sake and mine own. I felt myself, as it were, shut out from mankind—enclosed—prisoned in misery—no out-look—none! My miserable wife and little ones, who alone cared for me—what would I not have done for their sakes at that hour! Here let me speak out—and be heard, too, while I tell it—that the world does not at all times know how unsafely it sits: when Despair has loosed Honour's last hold upon the heart—when transcendent wretchedness lays weeping Reason in the dust—when every unsympathising on-looker is deemed an enemy—who THEN can limit the consequences? For my own part, I confess that, ever since that dreadful night, I can never hear of an extraordinary criminal, without the wish to pierce through the mere judicial view of his career, under which, I am persuaded, there would often be found to exist an unseen impulse—a chain, with one end fixed in nature's holiest ground, that drew him on to his destiny.

I will resume my story. The gloaming light was scarcely sufficient to allow me to write a little note, which I carried to a stately mansion hard by. It was to entreat what we had been denied at B——. This application was also fruitless. The servant had been ordered to take in no such notes, and he could not break through the rule. On rejoining my little group, my heart lightened at the presence of a serving-man, who at that moment came near, and who, observing our wretchedness, could not pass without endeavouring to succour us. The kind words of this worthy peasant sunk deep into our hearts. I do not know his name; but never can I forget him. Assisted by him, we arrived, about eleven o'clock, at the farm-house of John Cooper, West-town of Kinnaird, where we were immediately admitted. The accommodation, we were told, was poor—but what an alternative from the storm-beaten wayside! The servants were not yet in bed; and we were permitted a short time to warm ourselves at the bothy fire. During this interval, the infant seemed to revive; it fastened heartily to the breast, and soon fell asleep. We were next led to an out-house. A man stood by with a lantern, while with straw and blankets we made a pretty fair bed. In less than half an hour, the whole slept sweetly in their dark and almost roofless dormitory. I think it must have been between three and four o'clock, when Jean wakened me. Oh, that scream!—I think I can hear it now. The other children, startled from sleep, joined in frightful wail over their *dead sister*. Our poor Jeanie had, unobserved by us, sunk during the night under the effects of the exposure of the preceding evening, following, as that did, a long course of hardship, too great to be borne by a young frame. Such a visitation could only be well borne by one hardened to misery and wearied of existence. I sat a while and looked on them: comfort I had none to give—none to take: I spake not—what could be said?—words? oh, no! The worst is over when words can serve us. And yet it is not just when the wound is given that pain is felt. How comes it, I wonder, that minor evils will affect even to agony, while paramount sorrow overdoes itself, and stands in stultified calmness? Strange to say, on first becoming aware of the bereavement of that terrible night, I sat for some minutes gazing upwards at the fluttering and wheeling movements of a party of swallows, our fellow-lodgers, who had been disturbed by our unearthly outcry. After a while, I proceeded to awaken the people in the house, who entered at once into our feelings, and did every thing which Christian kindness could dictate as proper to be done on the melancholy occasion. A numerous and respectable party of neighbours assembled that day to assist at the funeral. In an obscure corner of Kinnaird churchyard lies our favourite, little Jeanie.

Early on Monday we resumed our heartless pilgrimage—wandering onwards without any settled purpose or end. The busy singing world above us was a nuisance; and around, the loaded fields bore nothing for us—we were things apart. Nor knew we where that night our couch might be, or where to-morrow our grave. 'Tis but fair to say, however, that our children never were ill-off during the daytime. Where our goods were not bought, we were nevertheless offered "a piece to the bairnies." One thing which might contribute to this was, that our appearance, as yet, was respectable, and it seemed as if the people saw in us neither the shrewd hawker nor the habitual mendicant, so that we were better supplied with food than had been our lot for many a month before. But oh, the ever-recurring sunset! Then came the hour of sad conjecturing and sorrowful outlook. To seek lodging at a farm before sunset, was to ensure refusal. After nightfall, the children, worn out with the day's wanderings, turned fretful, and slept whenever we sat down. After experience taught us cunning in this, as in other things—the tactics of habitual vagrants being to remain in concealment near a farm of good name, until a suitable lateness warranted the attack. This night, however, we felt so much in need of a comfortable resting-place, that it was agreed we should make for Errol. There we settled for the night in a house kept for the humblest description of "travellers." It is one of those places of entertainment whose most engaging feature is the easy price. Its inmates, unaccustomed even to the luxury of a fire, easily enough dispense with seats; and where five or six people are packed up alive in one box, a superabundance of bed-clothes would be found uncomfortable. Hence the easy charges. Our fellow-lodgers were of all nations, to the amount of two dozen or so. As it has been my lot, since then, to pass many a night and day in similar society, and having somewhat of a turn for observation, my memory could furnish many records of "gangrel bodies," that are not altogether wanting in interest; but of that another time. Leaving Errol next day, we passed up the Carse to Perth, were kept there a few days by some old acquaintances, started from thence towards Methven, sold little on the way thither, but were kindly treated by the workers at Hunting Tower and Cromwell Park. The people there were themselves on limited work; indeed, many of them had none; yet they shared their little with those that had less. It is always so: but for the poor, the poorer would perish.

Just before entering Methven, I sold a small book to a person breaking stones for the road. After some conversation, I discovered he was musical, and was strongly tempted to sell him my flute. He had taken a fancy to it, and offered a good price. I resisted: it had long been my companion, and sometimes my solace; and, indeed, to speak truth, I had, for some days past, attended to certain "forlorn hope" whisperings, implying the possible necessity of using that instrument in a way more to be lamented than admired. The sum-total of my earthly moneys was 5½d., which my little volume had seduced from the pocket of the musical lapidary. With this treasure, we sat by the fireside of "Mrs L.'s" lodging-house in Methven. The good woman gave us to understand that our entertainment would cost 6d., at the same time declaring it to be a standing rule in her establishment to see payment made of all such matters before the parties "took aff their shoon." I only wondered, when I looked round on the bare feet that luxuriated round her hearth, how she contrived to put this test into execution. The demand for our lodging-money was decided, and so was I. I took my wobegone partner aside, whispered her to pick my flute from out our "budgets," put on her mantle, and follow me. As we went along, I disclosed my purpose of playing in the outskirts of the village. This was a new line of action, not to be taken without some qualms. But then the landlady. Besides, nobler natures and higher names than I could ever aim at, had betaken themselves to similar means. Homer had sung his epics for a morsel of bread. Goldsmith had piped his way over half the continent. These were precedents indeed! Moreover, neither of these worthies had children in Methven or elsewhere, that ever I had heard of. Nor is it recorded in the history of those great men, whether they had at any time been under the compulsion of a landlady who attached a special consequence to the moment that undid the shoe-tie.

Musing over these and many other considerations, we found ourselves in a beautiful green lane, fairly out of the town, and opposite a genteel-looking house, at the windows of which sat several well-dressed people. I think that it might be our bewildered and hesitating movements that attracted their notice—perhaps not favourably. "A quarter of an hour longer," said I, "and it will be darker; let us walk out a bit." The sun had been down a good while, and the gloaming was lovely. In spite of every thing, I felt a momentary reprieve. I dipped my dry flute in a little burn, and began to play. It rang sweetly amongst the trees. I moved on and on, still playing, and still *facing* the town. The "Flowers of the Forest" brought me before the house lately mentioned. My music raised one window after another, and in less than ten minutes put me in possession of 3s. 9d. of good British money. I sent the mother home with this treasure, and directed her to send our oldest girl to me. It was by this time nearly dark. Every body says, "Things just need a beginning." I had made a beginning, and a very good one too. I had a smart turn for strathspeys, and there appeared to be a fair run upon them. By this time I was nearly into the middle of the town. When I finally made my bow and retired to my lodging, it was with four shillings and some pence, in additiop to what was sent before. My little girl got a beautiful shawl, and several articles of wearing apparel. Shall I not bless the good folk of Methven! Let me ever chance to meet a Methven weaver in distress, and I will share my last bannock with him. These men—for I knew them, as they knew me, by instinct—these men not only helped me themselves, but testified their gratitude to every one that did so. There was enough to encourage further perseverance; but I felt, after all, that I had begun too late in life ever to acquire that "ease and grace" indispensable to him who would successfully "carry the gaberlunzie on." I must forego it, at least in a downright street capacity.

After some consideration, I bethought me of another mode of exercising my talents for my support. I had, ever since I remember, an irrepressible tendency to make verses, and many of these had won applause from my friends and fellow-workmen. I determined to press this faculty into my service on the present occasion. Accordingly, after sundry downsittings and contemplations, by waysides and in barns, my Muse produced the following ode

TO MY FLUTE.

'Tis nae to harp, to lyre, nor lute,
I cittle now to sing;
To thee alane, my lo'esome flute,
This hamely strain I bring!
Oh, let us flee on memory's wing,
O'er twice ten winters flee,
An' try ance mair that aye sweet spring
Whilk young love breathed in thee.

Companion o' my happy *then*,
Wi' smilin frien's around;
In ilka butt, in ilka ben,
A couthie welcome found—
Ere yet thy master proved the wound
That ne'er gaed skaithless by;
That gies to flutes their saftest sound,
To hearts their saddest sigh.

Since then, my bairns hae danced to thee,
To thee my Jean has sung;
And mony a night, wi' guiltless glee,
Our hearty hallan rung.
But noo, wi' hardship worn and wrung,
I'll roam the warld about;
For her and for our friendless young,
Come forth, my faithful flute!

Your artless notes may win the ear
That wadna hear me speak,
And for your sake that pity spare,
My full heart couldna seek.
And whan the winter's cranreugh bleak
Drives houseless bodies in,
I'll aiblins get the ingle-cheek,
A' for your lightsome din.

This I designed to be printed on fine paper, with a fly-leaf attached, and folded in the style of a note, to be presented to none *under* a footman, by a decently-dressed, modest-looking man (myself, of course), who, after waiting ten minutes, the time wanted to utter the "Oh, la's!" and "Who may he be's?" would, I expected, be asked into the drawing-room, when the admiring circle would be ravished with his sweet-toned minstrelsy. After compliments sufficient for any mere man, this person I supposed to retire with that in his pocket that could not rightly be expended without a great deal of prudent consideration. Such was my dream. I accordingly proceeded to act as I had designed. With a few copies of my poem, I set out once more upon my travels, and, to do justice to the scheme, it was on one or two occasions successful to the extent anticipated. In one laird's house I received a guerdon of half a guinea; but, after all, it was but beggar's work, and my soul in time grew sick of it. It was with no sighings after flesh-pots, that, in a few weeks, on times becoming a little better, I settled down once more to my loom.

[We now deem it proper to mention that the above

recital is, excepting a few slight changes of phraseology, the composition of William Thom, now of Inverury in Aberdeenshire. Thom is still a hand-loom weaver; but his wife, the faithful participator of all the above miseries, has been taken from him. Of late he has been brought into a little notice, in consequence of the appearance of some of his poems in the newspapers. Their merit is considerable, and the author appears to be a man of modest and virtuous character. We would hope that Fortune has still in store for him things proportioned to his deservings.]

LETTERS FROM THE BALTIC.

Neither title-page, dedication, nor preface, tells us any thing of the writer of these Letters from the Baltic, newly published.* Their lively, chatty style, however, would of itself give assurance that we are indebted to a lady for the work, even if, in the course of it, certain allusions did not put the matter beyond question. To say no more than the truth, we have of late seen no production of a light kind, in which good sense, and a tact for the observation of the useful, are so agreeably displayed in union with quickness of fancy, and a sharp though refined feeling of the ludicrous.

The purpose of our tourist was to visit a relative in the hyperborean province of Esthonia, to the north of St Petersburg, and in the dominions of the Russian Czar. Of course, she took her way through the Sound, and up the Baltic. In the German Ocean, the steam-vessel which conveyed her sustained a severe storm, and was thrown into imminent peril, chiefly through the greed of the proprietors in overburdening her fore-decks with masses of lead, which, in the hour of alarm, the united strength of all the crew was unable to move. This circumstance we notice only to express our reprobation of such unwise and reckless conduct—conduct but too common, we fear, with those who have in charge the loading of passenger-vessels. Let the reader suppose our tourist fairly free of this danger, and in sight of St Petersburg. "Behind us Cronstadt had sunk into the waters, and before us Petersburg seemed scarcely to emerge from the same, so invisible was the shallow tablet of land on which it rests. Altogether, I was disappointed at the first *coup d'œil* of this capital; it has a brilliant face, but wants height to set it off. The real and peculiar magnificence of Petersburg, however, consists in thus sailing, apparently upon the bosom of the ocean, into a city of palaces. Herein no one can be disappointed. Granite quays of immense strength now gradually closed in upon us, bearing aloft stately buildings modelled from the Acropolis, while successive vistas of interminable streets, and canals as thickly populated, swiftly passing before us, told us plainly that we were in the midst of this northern capital ere we had set foot to ground."

Now came the pleasures of a Russian customhouse. These things are bad enough in England; in most parts of Europe they are frightful annoyances. "To witness the devastation of an English writing-desk, was a curious sight to an uninterested spectator. First, the lock excited great anger, and was a convincing proof that little was to be done with Bramah by brute force; and, this passed, there ensued as striking an illustration of the old adage of a bull in a china-shop, as could possibly be devised. Every touch was mischief. They soiled the writing-paper, and spilt the ink; mixed up wax, wafers, and water-colours. Then, in their search for Russian bank-notes, the introduction of which is strictly interdicted, they shook out the blotting-book, whence a shower of letters of introduction, cards of address, and a variety of miscellaneous documents, floated to distant corners of the hall; ransacked the private drawer, of which they were perfectly *au fait*; displaced all the steel paraphernalia, and then crammed them into their wrong places, cutting their fingers at the same time—the only action which afforded the spectator any unmixed pleasure; and now, smarting with the pain, flung down the lid, and left the grumbling owner to gather his scriptural fragments together as he best could. Beyond the writing-desk, they did not choose to proceed. It was past the regulation time, and instead of allowing the weary traveller, as is usual in such cases, to take his carpet-bag of necessaries, the smallest article was denied with a stolid pertinacity, which intimated no great sympathy on their parts for the comforts of clean linen."

We cannot do better than give the reader a further idea of the peculiarities of St Petersburg's position—a city planted by the strong will of one man in a swamp. "No one can judge of the daring position of Petersburg, who has not mounted one of these her artificial heights, and viewed the immense body of waters in which she floats, like a bark overladen with precious goods; while the autumn waves, as if maddened by the prospect of the winter's long imprisonment, play wild pranks with her resistless shores, deriding her false foundations, and overturning, in a few hours, the laboured erections of as many years. We wanted no one to recount the horrors of an inundation, for this is the season when the waters levy their annual tribute. A south-west wind was lifting the gulf furiously towards the city—the Neva was dashing along, rejoicing in its strength, tossing the keels of the vessels over the granite quays, disjointing the planks of the floating bridges, and threatening all who ventured across with sea-sickness, if with no worse danger. The water had already taken possession of some of the wretched outskirts of the city, adding more misery where there seemed enough before, while flags floated from the tower, where we stood, to warn the inhabitants of their danger; and before we quitted our station, guns from the fortress, the appointed signal on such occasions, bade those remove who had aught to save. But pleasant sites and natural advantages are the easy tools of a limited monarchy—nought but an absolute will could have compelled a splendid capital from the depths of a swamp. The founding of Petersburg might be the grant of civilisation to Russia, but it was also the sign-manual of autocracy; and Peter the Great reasoned more like the despot than the philanthropist, in foreseeing that wherever the imperial queen-bee thought fit to alight, there would the faithful or servile Russians swarm." To the many magnificent buildings of St Petersburg, however, its palaces and quays, our authoress gives the due meed of praise.

She also acknowledges warmly the hospitality of her reception. One friend, a Baron S., who chanced to be fort-major of the city, exhibited his anxiety for her comfort in a curious way, and one strikingly characteristic of this great empire of soldiers. "As an earnest," says the fair tourist, "of his intentions, he further begged to leave at my disposal for the present, and for as long a time as I should think fit to retain—a soldier. As he evidently attached no more importance to this proposition, and perhaps less, than if he had offered me an extra pair of walking-shoes, all scruple on my part would have been misplaced; nevertheless, it was with undisguised amusement that I saw one of these military machines mount immoveable guard at my door. He was a brow-beat, rusty mustached, middle-sized man, with hard lines of toil on his sunburnt face; his hair, according to the compulsory and unfortunately disfiguring system of cleanliness adopted in the Russian army, clipped till the head was barely covered or coloured; and his coarse drab uniform hanging loosely about him—for soldiers' coats are here made by contract, according to one regulation size, and, like the world, are too wide for some, too tight for others. But the sense of the ludicrous extended itself to my hostess, on my requesting to have a chair placed for him. 'A chair!' she exclaimed, 'what should he do with it?—standing is rest for him'—and, in truth, the Russian soldier is like his horse—standing and lying are his only postures of repose. I found my poor sentinel a willing, swift, and most useful messenger in this city of scanty population and enormous distances, and, without much self-applause, it may be added, he also found me a kind mistress; for the tyrannical, inhuman mode in which inferiors are here addressed, is the first trait in the upper classes which cannot fail to disgust the English traveller. Our communication was restricted, nevertheless, to a smile on my side, as my orders were interpreted to him, and to *Sluschous* (I hear), upon his receiving the same. And these significant words are indeed the motto of the lower orders."

As a variation of the scene, let us now take up the letter-writer, in her relative's house at Reval, in Esthonia. That province presents a fine instance of the state of territorial property and rights in the greater part of Russia. It is divided into about six hundred estates, each of vast size for the most part, which are possessed by a resident noblesse, resembling agreeably the old country gentlemen of England. They appear, indeed, from the description, to be a comparatively simple and happy race, the lowest classes being in that condition of civilisation where despotism does not jar upon the feelings of man, and even proves of service to him, when, as in Prussia, the unrestrained head and guide of the state acts with justice and liberality.

The first Esthonian sketch which we shall present, refers to an annoyance which Britons cannot think of without a shudder—namely, the presence of hosts of wolves about the country residences and farms. "One day, when, fortunately, perhaps, unescorted by the huge dogs, we were mounting a hill to a neighbouring mill, my companion suddenly halted, and, laying her hand on mine, silently pointed to a moving object within fifty yards of us. It was a great brute of a wolf stalking leisurely along—its high bristly back set up, its head prowling down—who took no notice of us, but slowly pursued the same path into the wood, which we had quitted a few minutes before. We must both plead guilty to blanched cheeks, but beyond this to no signs of cowardice; and, in truth, the instances are so rare of their attacking human beings, even the most defenceless children, that we had no cause for fear. They war not on man, unless under excessive pressure of hunger, or when, as in the case of a butcher, his clothes are impregnated with the smell of fresh blood. This is so certain an attraction, that peasants carrying butcher's meat are followed by wolves, and often obliged to compound for their own safety by flinging the dangerous commodity amongst them; or if in a sledge, three or four of these ravenous animals will spring upon the basket of meat, and tear it open before their eyes. Wherever an animal falls, there, though to all appearance no cover nor sign of a wolf be visible for miles round, several will be found congregated in half an hour's time. Such is their horrid thirst for blood, that a wounded wolf knows that only by the strictest concealment can he escape being torn in pieces by his companions. As for the dogs, it is heart-rending to think of the numbers which pay for their fidelity with their lives."

Another extract or two, indicative of the simple and comparatively good characters of the Esthonian peasantry, and we must then close these volumes, with a hearty recommendation of them to the notice of the reading public. "A butcher of the town, having been convicted of the flagrant crime of stealing two oxen from an open pasture near Reval, was now lying in the dungeons beneath us, previous to commencing his dismal journey for life to Siberia. This man was engaged to be married to a young mantua-maker, whose pretty looks and ways had often divided our attention with her fashions. Of course, it was thought and advised by all who wished her well, that the now disgraceful connexion should be relinquished; but, resisting all entreaties and representations, she merely repeated a faithful woman's argument—'If he wanted my love to make him happy when he was innocent, how much more does he need it now he is guilty!' and declared her intention of accompanying him in his banishment. Accordingly, the mournful wedding ceremony was performed in the prison vault, and a few days after, the innocent and guilty, now become one, started on their cheerless wedding trip. The faithful wife took with her the sympathy and blessings of every true woman's heart, and left behind a character which many an heroic matron, of sterner times, might have envied.* But let not a woman overrate the devotion of her sex. Whatever the sacrifice, whatever the suffering, there is such an instinctive pleasure in its exercise, as would require more than a woman's prudence to forego. The woman, though not in this case, is as often falsely indulgent and banefully unselfish, as the mother, and as often reaps only ingratitude."

We regret to say, that the next extract, to be presented in conclusion, proves that the usual concomitant of ignorance, superstition, is abundantly prevalent among the Esthonians, happy as they appear in their simplicity in some respects. In the present instance, the superstitious feeling was evidenced in a somewhat amusing way; but we fear that it is still the same feeling which dragged poor old women to the stake, and persecuted the wise because of their very qualities and acquirements. The writer of the volumes before us was in the habit of sketching the costumes of the country. "One day, to diversify the subject, a tall Estonian peasant was ushered in, bearing a note from a neighbouring family, wherein it appeared that, in consequence of some bantering questions and promises, they had sent the best-looking man the estate could boast, to represent the physiognomy and costume of his class. And truly, as fine and good-looking a young man stood before us as needed to be seen. At first he returned our glance with rather more courage than a peasant here usually ventures to show; but, on being told his errand, blushed like a girl, and proceeded to place himself into the required position, with a *mauvaise honte* which, it must be owned, was at first not limited to himself. He wore the regular peasant's costume—his long hair falling on his shoulders; a coat made of undyed black wool down to his heels, with metal buttons and red leather frogs; and his feet clad in the national *passeln*, or sandals, of untanned cow's hide. After the first novelty was over, he stood sensibly and respectfully enough; and, being shown his miniature fac-simile, and told that it would go to England, acknowledged it to be *vegga illos* (very beautiful). Half a rouble and a glass of brandy made him happy; and he took his leave in perfect good humour with himself and us. But a few days after, a disastrous sequel to this adventure reached our ears. Under the conviction that he had been subject to the spells of a sorceress, his lady-love cast him off for another; his fellows taunted and avoided him; while, added to this, the innocent victim himself was in the utmost terror of mind lest this mysterious delineation of his person should prove the preamble to his being banished either to Siberia or—to England! It is to be hoped his personal charms soon repaired the first loss; but I could never hear any thing further of my unfortunate sitter."

* A Residence on the Shores of the Baltic, described in a Series of Letters. 2 vols. London: John Murray.

* This journey did not continue farther than Moscow, for there, in consideration of his wife, a pardon reached the offender.

ANCIENT RUINS IN CENTRAL AMERICA.

[We extract the following paper from a late number of the *Athenæum*. Having been present at the meeting referred to, at the British Museum, we can speak as to the correctness of the *Athenæum's* report. We add, at the conclusion, a few observations of our own.]

The reports which have from time to time reached us, and been published, respecting the extraordinary monuments scattered over Central America, have awakened public interest rather than satisfied it: we are happy, therefore, to have it in our power to offer some particulars of the explorations of a late traveller—the Chevalier Friedrichsthal, of Vienna. The chevalier is a distinguished botanist, and proceeded to America to carry on his physical and botanical researches; but was so struck with the account of these ruins, that he resolved to visit the province of Yucatan and he considers them of such interest and importance, that he is anxious that an exploring expedition, with all necessary means and appliances, should be sent out expressly to make a complete survey of them. On Saturday last the chevalier met at Mr J. E. Gray's, at the British Museum, a party of gentlemen,

to whom he exhibited twenty-five or thirty daguerreotypes of the ruins, plans of three towns which he had particularly examined, and a portfolio of drawings of details of the buildings, statues, and columns; and to whom he read the accompanying paper, giving a sketch of his journey, and a general description of the ruins:—

"I landed, in the month of December 1838, at the mouth of the river St Juan, in the Central American state of Nicaragua, with the intention of exploring that unknown part of the western continent. I proceeded first to the large lake bearing the name of the state, and penetrated into the interior of the province of Chondales, on its north-eastern shore, inhabited by some scattered tribes of Mosquito Indians, and passed round its northern shore to the city of Granada.

After having visited the interesting islands of the lake, the largest of which, from its innumerable burying-places, seems to have been another Meroe of the extinct nation once settled in those regions, I directed my steps to the neighbouring lake of Managua, then crossed the Cordilleras, and took the route, bordering the Pacific, towards the southern gulf of Nicoya. I ascended and measured the most important of the isolated volcanoes to be met with in this track, collected many geological specimens, and a rich booty of mountain plants. Having passed the Aguacate Mountain, I ascended to the high plain of Costarica, almost surrounded by extinguished volcanoes, among which one, situated between the city of Caotago and the shore of the Atlantic, rises to the height of nearly 12,000 English feet. At the commencement of the rainy season, I descended through the wild forests of the river Zarapiqui to the northern harbour of St Juan, and embarked for the United States, touching in my passage at Jamaica, St Domingo, and Cuba.

Highly gratified with the results of this first voyage, and animated by the accounts of the American traveller, Mr Stephens, respecting the antiquarian riches of the southern provinces of Mexico, I left the States in the month of July 1840, and entered the peninsula of Yucatan, at its eastern shore, resolved to connect with my physical and botanical researches an examination of these ancient monuments. The actually independent state of Yucatan bears the appearance of a poor and sterile country, far inferior to the lands on the Atlantic borders in general. Its crust of stone marl is in many parts of the inhabited districts, to a great extent, bare and without any alluvial soil. The deepenings and basins only, peculiar to that kind of formation, where mould is accumulated, are fit for cultivation. There are, however, on the north-eastern coast, and in the south of the peninsula, very rich woodlands, but these are in possession of the indolent Indians, who scarcely produce enough for their own immediate wants. There are no mountains, and only a chain of low hills in the west, and not even a single river throughout the whole monotonous plain; consequently, the breeding of cattle is attended with great difficulties.

It is 350 years since the Caucasian race first set foot on the soil of the western continent; but, wherever the Spaniard held his dominion, jealousy and avarice excluded all other nations from intercourse with the monopolised country. The accounts of the first conquerors contain many notices of the splendid buildings which they met with in Mexico and Yucatan; the ecclesiastical chronicles of the country gave likewise some superficial descriptions of such buildings. Ignorance and avarice, however, not only forbade the government to publish to the world any particulars of these remarkable works, but fanaticism left no means untried to destroy the most innocent objects connected with the heathens, and it succeeded; not even a tradition remains among the tribes of the Maya Indians respecting the former state of the country. Thus, too, those interesting structures, the only witnesses of the power and knowledge of past ages and nations, have gradually fallen to ruin without having even excited the attention of the conquerors; and hieroglyphics, and statues, and bas-reliefs, which covered their walls, and from which, in their perfect state, important information might have been obtained, are now disjoined, fallen, and broken, and mere antiquarian curiosities. We have no means of determining the number of those ancient works scattered over the surface of Yucatan, but they are very numerous. They are found sometimes isolated, sometimes in large masses, which, according to appearance, are the remains of great cities. This tract of country, which extends from the coast of the Laguna de Terminos to the north-east, exhibits an almost uninterrupted range of mounts and towns, till it reaches the sanctuaries of the island of Cozumet.

Three different epochs of art may be distinguished in these structures; and they bear undoubted traces of identity of origin with the remains of Palenque. This is especially the case with the earlier works, which are composed of large rough blocks, put together without cement; and such are the buildings at a place near the Hacienda Aki, situated twenty-seven English miles E.S.E. from Merida. At Chichenitza, eighty-four miles farther off, but in the same direction, and having much the appearance of a sacred city, we find doorways and interior walls, decorated with human figures and symbols carved in stone; we meet there, too, with colonnades, though of clumsy structure, surprising for their extent; at one place 480 pillars lie prostrate on the ground, which once belonged to one single edifice. On the contrary, at Usmal, a place situated between Merida and Campeche, which Mr Waldeck has already briefly noticed, there are scarcely any ornaments to be found in the interior of the buildings; but the stone-work of the outside walls is more sumptuous and more neatly finished. Neither is there any trace whatever of any large building or portico with pillars. I cannot here attempt a detailed description of the different objects which came within my observation, but I will endeavour to give some account of the principal characteristics which distinguish all these buildings, as it may serve for comparison with the accounts of others. These distinguishing points are:—1. The apparently sudden erection of whole cities. 2. The accurate reference to the east in the erection of all sacred buildings. 3. The foundations consist of a sort of concrete of mortar and small stones. 4. The walls, both internally and externally, are covered with a range of solid stones, cut to parallelograms of 8 and 12 inches in length and 5 to 7 in height; the interval filled up with the same concrete mass as used in the base. Nowhere is there any trace of the employment of bricks or Egyptian tiles. 5. The elevation of all the buildings, without exception, by means of one or several terraces of more or less considerable height. 6. The usual manner of construction was limited to one storey; the shape of the buildings was long and narrow, and as there were no windows, the depth was limited to two rooms, of which the inner one could have no more light than was obtained through the communicating door. The doorways, which are generally square, are six or seven feet high, and of equal breadth; traces are yet to be seen, in some few instances, of holes or stone rings, proving that the doors were so constructed that they could be shut on occasion. 7. The height of the edifices rarely exceeds twenty to thirty feet. The outside walls rise generally from the base, without break, to about half the height of the building, when there is a variable number of cornices, which, after a plain or adorned interval, close likewise the upper edge. The most important buildings exhibit in this upper space an astonishing variety of hieroglyphics and elegant figures; even statuary was employed to increase the splendour. The constructions of an inferior order have at the same place ranges of small half columns. There are further, as well inside as outside of the buildings, long rough stones, projected from the walls, usually arranged one above the other, and increasing in size from below. 8. The ceilings of all interior spaces consist of acute arches closed on the top with a layer of flat stones. The proportion of the walls to the sine of the arch varies from 2 : 1 to 1 : 2. Stones, cut to the shape of a wedge, with oblique heads, were employed to form the sine. 9. The arch supports a flat roof, the surface of which, instead of being slated, is covered with a concrete of ground stones and marl, very consistent and thoroughly petrified. The same kind of composition covers the floors of the apartments. The roof itself is frequently bordered by a kind of raised filagree or pierced stone work. 10. The application of timber for lintels and rafters, the first of which still bear traces of the original carved characters. 11. The outside of the walls does not present any mark of rough cast or painting. The interior of some structures is, however, covered with a thin layer of a very fine stucco, on which the colours are still to be recognised; the bordering at the basis of the walls generally being sky-blue, the upper part light green, the arches showing the traces of fantastical figures in varying lively colours. In regard to the carved figures in the sides of the doorways, it may be noticed, that the colouring of the uncovered part of the body is of a dark yellow, the vestments green and blue, the background of a dark red. Their attitude is always directed to the entrance. 12. Vent-holes exist in every room below the cornice. They are of a square or round form, three or five inches in diameter, and more or less numerous in different buildings. There are niches also in the apartments and corridors, in some cases with symbolical signs and hieroglyphics, carved circles, hewn rings, &c.

The relief used in these representations is flattened on its surface, and besides the outlines, the background is generally chiselled out, though sometimes the artist was satisfied with carving the outlines superficially in the rock. The most common ornament on sacred buildings was a winding serpent, generally representing the rattlesnake of this country. As to the local impression of the architecture of all these buildings, I have still to add, that the refined conceptions of the artist have evidently been executed in a very inferior manner, for the stones are often very carelessly joined together, showing intervals of several inches filled up with mortar. The same neglect is also observed in the choice of stones, there being frequently very little correspondence in regard to form and size. We may reasonably, therefore, suppose that the aborigines of the country were unable to execute the works planned by their conquerors. We met, however, particularly at Usmal, with sufficient proofs of a more advanced art in the execution of their sculptures; and their skill in plastic shows itself in the idols and figures of clay, which are frequently found in the urns of their sepulchres, which are superior to anything, in regard to art, which the nation produced."

[During the exhibition of the daguerreotype drawings, a discussion was sustained among several gentlemen respecting the supposed origin and date of the architectural ruins thus brought to light. Some were inclined to give them a very high antiquity, while others considered they were more probably of a late or degenerate age in art. The Chevalier Friedrichsthal, on being appealed to on these points, declared it his belief that the ruins were not more than seven hundred years old—an opinion which appeared to us utterly irreconcilable with the history of the country. It seemed to us that the ruins, as now pictured, were in a style of art resembling that prevalent in some of the ancient temples of India or Burmah; and, at all events, bore marks of skill in sculpture which proved them to be the work of a people considerably advanced in artistic skill, but of whose history all trace was gone even in the days of Cortes; in short, that they must have been erected thousands of years since, though, whether by a race connected with the old wor'd, or having an entirely isolated civilisation, we have no means of judging.]

DIFFERENCE BETWEEN A MARINE AND A MARINER.

[BY CAPTAIN BASIL HALL.]

The words *Marine* and *Mariner* differ by one small letter only; but no two races of men, I had well-nigh said no two animals, differ from one another more completely than the 'Jollies' and the 'Johnnies.'

Jack wears a blue jacket, and the Jolly wears a red one. Jack would sooner take a round dozen than be seen with a pair of braces across his shoulders; while the marine, if deprived of his suspenders, would speedily be left *sans culotte*. A thorough-going, barrack-bred, regular-built marine, in a ship of which the serjeant-major truly loves his art, has, without any very exaggerated metaphor, been compared to a man who swallowed a set of fire-irons; the tongs representing the legs, the poker the back-bone, and the shovel the neck and head. While, on the other hand, your sailor-man is to be likened to nothing except one of those delicious figures in the fantoccini show-boxes, where the legs, arms, and head, are flung loosely about the right and left, no one bone apparently having the slightest organic connexion with any other; the whole being an affair of strings, and springs, and universal joint!

The difference between sailor and marine was strikingly exemplified in a well-known instance of mutiny on board a frigate. The captain was one of that class of officers, now happily extinct, whose chief authority consisted in severity. To such an excess was this pushed, that his ship's company, it appears, was at length roused to actual revolt, and proceeded in a tumultuous, but apparently resolute body, to the quarterdeck. It is extremely curious to remark, that the same stern system of discipline which had driven the seamen into revolt, had likewise been applied to the marines, without weakening the paramount sense of duty under any circumstances. Such, at all events, was the force of habit and discipline, that when the captain ordered them to fall in, they formed instantly, as a matter of course, across the deck.

At his further orders, they loaded their muskets with ball, and screwed on their bayonets. Had the corps now proved traitors, all must have been lost; but the captain, who, with all his faults of temper and system, was yet a clear-headed officer, calculated upon a different result. Turning first to the mutineers, he called out,

"I'll attend to you directly!"

And then addressing the soldiers, he said, with a tone of such perfect confidence of manner, and so slightly interrogative, as to furnish its own answer,

"You'll stand by your king and country?"

The marines thus appealed to said nothing, but grasped their fire-arms with an air of resolution.

"Then, royal and loyal marines, we don't care for the blue-jackets!"

And, stepping forward, he seized the two principal ringleaders by the throat, one with each hand, and calling out, in a voice of thunder, to the rest, instantly to move off the quarterdeck, he consigned the astonished and deserted culprits to the master-at-arms, by whom they were speedily and quietly placed in double irons—and the whole mutiny was at an end!

But this is not all. The fate of the disciplinarian and the disciplined forms at once one of the most appalling and the most affecting stories we ever read—and with it we shall conclude.

The successful issue of the recent mutiny, and his confidence in his own resources, had taught the captain to believe that he could command the services of his people, not only on ordinary occasions, but at moments of utmost need. Here was his grand mistake. The obedience he exacted at the point of the lash had no heartiness in it; and when the time came that the argument of force could no longer be used, and when the bayonets of the marines had lost their terrors, there was read to him, and in letters of blood, the bitterest lesson of retributive justice that perhaps was ever pronounced to any officer since the beginning of the naval service.

The frigate under command of this officer, when in company with another ship, chased two French frigates off the Isle of France. As his ship sailed much faster than her consort, he soon outstripped her, and closed with the enemy single-handed. The Frenchmen, seeing only one ship near them, and the other far astern, shortened sail, and prepared for the attack, which, however, they could hardly suppose would be undertaken by one ship. In this expectation, however, they underrated the spirit of its commander. Seeing the enemy's frigates within his reach, and well knowing what his men could execute if they chose—never dreaming for a moment that they would fail him at this pinch—he exclaimed, "We shall take them both! steer right for them!"

This was the last order he ever gave! The men obeyed, and stood to their guns; but they stood there only to be shot to death. They folded their arms, and neither loaded nor fired a single shot, in answer to the pealing broadsides which the unresisted and astonished enemy were pouring fast in upon them! Now had arrived the dreadful moment of revenge for them; as their

captain, who was soon struck down like the rest, lived only long enough to see the cause of his failure, and to witness the shocking sight of his crew cut to pieces, rather than move their hands to fire one gun to save the credit of their commander—all consideration for their own lives, or for their country, appearing to be absorbed in their desperate determination to prove at last how completely they had it in their power to show the sense of the unjust treatment they had received.

FLOCKING OF THE SCOTTISH POOR TO LARGE TOWNS.

The following extract from a recent number of the *Westminster Review*, forms a striking illustration of the boasted excellence of the provisions for the poor in Scotland. Under the one leading principle of those provisions—*to give the poor just as little as possible*—the rural labouring people who have the misfortune to survive into a period of disability, are compelled to resort to towns for harbourage and such inferior work as they or their children may be fit for. The large cities, such as Edinburgh and Glasgow, being places where public charity is comparatively active, receive a large proportion of these miserable outcasts. "Wheresoever," says the Review, "there is such an institution [a workhouse], or any other extraordinary provision for the poor, such as an eleemosynary bequest, the destitute flock in multitudes from all quarters of the country, and those who are fortunate enough to be on the spot cling to it as their last refuge. 'Many of the most destitute poor,' says the ex-secretary of the Edinburgh House of Refuge, 'even the lame and blind, who are entitled to aid from country parishes, refuse to leave Edinburgh, giving as a reason that nothing is done for the poor in their parishes.' Owing to the right to relief (such as it is) being attached to a three years' settlement, and there being no provisions in the law for the removal of persons about to become chargeable, the provision for the poor, if it happen to approach what will preserve life, is equally the subject of inroad from a distance. In the towns, where public opinion will not admit of the stringent rules adopted in the country parishes, wretched creatures congregate, with the settled design of endeavouring to live out on voluntary charity the three years of purgation. From the instances put into the form of a table, some judgment may be formed of the practical operation of the system in this respect.

	From the Locality.	From other Places.
Inmates of the Edinburgh Charity Workhouse (parish),	143	239
Out-pensioners of ditto,	239	612
Inmates of St Cuthbert's (parish) Workhouse, Edinburgh, 1st July 1840, (*N.B.* All the children are counted among the natives. Among the 461 inmates there are only 88 adult natives.)	246	215
Out-pensioners of ditto, 1st July 1840,	323	815
Dundee Poor's Roll,	344	635
Inverness Poor's Roll,	140	323
Dumfries Poor's Roll,	100	104
Aberdeen Poor's Roll, 9th May 1840,	420	1,097
Inmates of Edinburgh House of Refuge, from 1st October 1839 to 1st September 1840 (Edinburgh and Leith),	607	966
Persons sheltered in Night Refuge of ditto, from 10th July to 30th September 1840,	1,821	2,502
Persons sheltered in Glasgow Night Asylum,	2,446	6,752
Inmates of Edinburgh Infirmary, April 1840,	91	191
Inmates of Glasgow Infirmary, April 1840,	30	140

SYMBOLIC WRITING.

The North American Indians, who possess generally a fluent and comprehensive language, have no idea of alphabetic writing, or of inscribing words in distinct forms; therefore, like all primitive people, when they wish to write any account of a transaction, they resort to painting or carving hieroglyphics. Dr W. Cook Taylor, in his "Natural History of Society," presents a specimen of this kind of pictorial narrative, purporting to be the account of an expedition undertaken by the French against an Iroquois tribe. The symbols are arranged in ten lines, as follow:—

"The first line contains the arms of France, surmounted by a hatchet; and near are eighteen symbols of decades. The hatchet or tomahawk, being the Indian symbol of war, as the calumet is of peace, this signifies—'a hundred and eighty Frenchmen undertook some warlike expedition.'

The second line contains a mountain, with a bird springing from its summit, and a stag with a moon on its back. The mountain was the cognisance of Montreal, and the bird signifies departure. So that this line reads, 'they departed from Montreal in the first quarter of the stag month, corresponding to our July.'

The third line, a canoe with twenty-one huts; that is, 'they went by water, landing every night to rest; and were twenty-one days on the journey.'

The fourth line, a foot, with seven huts or wigwams; intimating, 'they then marched seven days.'

The fifth line, a hand and three wigwams, over one of which are two pendant branches, and a figure of the sun. This means, 'they had come within three days' march of the Sonontuan tribe of the Iroquois, whose cognisance was two bending branches, and that they were coming on the east of the village,' which is shown by the relative positions of the hand and the cognisance.

The sixth line, twelve symbols of decades, a hut with the same cognisance as before, and a man asleep—'there were one hundred and twenty Sonontuans surprised in their beds.'

The seventh line, a club and eleven heads, five figures of men over as many symbols of decades—'eleven Sonontuans were killed and fifty taken prisoners.'

The eight line, a bow containing nine heads with eleven marks underneath—'the victors had nine killed and eleven wounded.'

The ninth line, showers of arrows hustling in the air from opposite directions—'the battle was obstinate and well contested.'

The tenth line, arrows coming from one side only—'the vanquished fled without any further attempt at resistance.'"

RICH AND POOR CHILDREN.

I met the rich man's children
On a cold winter day;
They did not feel the cold,
So warmly clad and gay—
Like summer flowers were they.

I saw them reach their home
With light and skipping feet;
I heard the gentle dame,
In accents kind and sweet,
Her little darlings greet.

I watch'd them sit at eve
The parlour fire around;
The curtains red were drawn;
I heard the merry sound,
When jest and tale abound.

At midnight, I drew nigh
Their warm and downy nest;
Like dovelets there they lay—
Each gently heaving breast
Hid a young heart at rest.

I sigh'd, for then I thought
Of a far different doom—
The poor man's young ones shivering,
And cowering in the gloom
Of a dark fireless room.

From some wild haunt of sin
I fancied his return;
How he doth stagger in,
His famish'd wife to spurn,
And wailing babes, in turn.

The pale cold eye of day
Surveys the rough damp floor;
Through the unmended window,
And the old broken door,
The rough winds rudely roar.

To beg for food, they crawl
Out to the busy street;
What wonder should they steal!
In vain they oft entreat
A bit of bread to eat.

Oh, ye! the rich man's children,
When ye go forth to-day,
Pass not with careless eye,
And haughty step, I pray,
The poor upon thy way.

Have not ye all one Father
In the great God above?
He looks on all below,
Both rich and poor, ye know,
With the same eye of love.

Their lone and toilsome path
Do ye, then, try to cheer;
And on thy dying day
Shall even *Pity's tear*
A priceless gem appear.

Upon the waters cast
Thy bread, and thou shalt find
That, after many days,
The act, seen far behind,
Shall feed thy longing mind.

A. G.

THE FAR WEST.

In the commencement of my tour, several of my travelling companions from the city of New York found themselves at a frightful distance to the west, when we arrived at Niagara Falls; and hastened to amuse their friends with tales and scenes of the west. At Buffalo, a steam-boat was landing with four hundred passengers, and twelve days out. "Where from?" "From the west." In the rich state of Ohio, hundreds were selling their farms and going—to the west. In the beautiful city of Cincinnati, people said to me—"Our town has passed the days of its most rapid growth; it is not far enough west." In St Louis, 1400 miles off New York, my landlady assured me that I would be pleased with her boarders, for they were nearly all merchants from the "west." I there asked—"Whence come those steam-boats laden with cork, honey, hides, &c.?" "From the west." "Whence those ponderous bars of silver, which those men have been for hours shouldering and putting on board that boat?" "They come from Santa Fe—from the west." "Whence goes this steam-boat, so richly laden with dry goods, steam-engines, &c.?" "She goes to Jefferson city." "Jefferson city! where is that?" "Far to the west." "And where goes that boat laden down to her gunnels—the Yellow Stone?" "She goes still farther to the west." "Then," said I, "I'll go to the west." I went on the Yellow Stone. * * Two thousand miles on her, and we were at the mouth of Yellow Stone River—at the west. What! invoices, bills of lading, &c., a wholesale establishment, so far to the west! And those strange-looking long-haired gentlemen, who have just arrived, and are relating the adventures of their long and tedious journey—who are they? "Oh, they are some of our merchants just arrived from the west." "And that keel-boat, that Mackinaw-boat, and that formidable caravan, all of which are richly laden with goods?" "These, sir, are outfits starting for the *west*." "Going to the *west*, ha! Then," said I, "I'll try it again; I will try and see if I can go to the west." * * "What, a fort here, too?" "Oui, monsieur, oui, monsieur" (as a dauntless and *semi-barbarian*-looking jolly fellow dashed forth in advance of his party on his wild horse to meet me). * * "Ne parlez vous l'Anglaise?" "Non, monsieur, I speaks de French and de Americaine; mais je ne parle pas l'Anglaise." "Well, then, my good fellow, I will speak English, and you may speak Americaine." "Val, sare, je suis bien content, pour for I see dat you speaks putty coot Americaine." "You live here, I suppose?" "Non, monsieur, I comes far from the west." "What, from the west? Where under the heavens is that?" "Wat, diable! de west! Well, you shall see, monsieur; he is putty fair off, suppose." "Do you see any thing of the 'Flatheads' in your country?" "Non, monsieur, their quarters are very, *very* fair to de west."—*Catlin's Letters.*

EFFECTS OF FOOD ON THE FORM AND CHARACTER OF QUADRUPEDS.

Food influences all the external characters of quadrupeds. Without adverting to the different appearance of an ill-fed beast and one which has an abundant supply, we may remark that the form of the young animal that suffers a deprivation either in the quantity or quality of its food, never becomes perfectly developed, either in its bulk or proportions. The integuments of such a one never present the gloss of health, neither is the constitution at large often free from disease; internal congestions take place, and the mesenteric glands frequently become schirrous. On the contrary, in proportion as the supply within prudent limits is liberal, so is the growth extended, and the form reaches to the standard of the parent. It often also exceeds the parent stock, from the excess of nutritive stimulus applied; and thus horses, oxen, and sheep, brought up in low marshy lands, where the herbage is luxuriant, obtain a monstrous size. Horses, in particular, when bred and pastured in the rich flat lands of Lincolnshire, become expanded in bulk, and it is from such sources that our carriage and heavy troop horses are supplied. To what a degree of monstrosity may not our bacon hogs be fed; and our prize-oxen exhibit the extraordinary powers of food when forced on an animal by increasing the supply and restraining the expenditure. It is from our artificial mode of feeding cattle that our markets are now furnished with veal all the year round, and lamb is common some months before it appeared on the tables of our forefathers.—*Encyclopædia of Rural Sports.*

SLIGHT CIRCUMSTANCES.

Sir Walter Scott, walking one day along the banks of the Yarrow, where Mungo Park was born, saw the traveller throwing stones into the water, and anxiously watching the bubbles that succeeded. Scott inquired the object of his occupation. "I was thinking," answered Park, "how often I had thus tried to sound the rivers in Africa, by calculating how long a time had elapsed before the bubbles rose to the surface." It was a slight circumstance, but the traveller's safety frequently depended upon it. In a watch, the mainspring forms a small portion of the works, but it impels and governs the whole. So it is in the machinery of human life; a slight circumstance is permitted by the Divine Ruler to derange or to alter it; a giant falls by a pebble; a girl at the door of an inn changes the fortune of an empire. If the nose of Cleopatra had been shorter, said Pascal, in his epigrammatic and brilliant manner, the condition of the world would have been different. The Mahometans have a tradition, that when their prophet concealed himself in Mount Shur, his pursuers were deceived by a spider's web which covered the mouth of the cave. Luther might have been a lawyer, had his friend and companion escaped the thunder-storm at Erfurt; Scotland had wanted her stern Reformer, if the appeal of the preacher had not startled him in the Chapel of St Andrew's Castle; and if Mr Grenville had not carried, in 1764, his memorable resolution as to the expediency of charging "certain stamp-duties" on the plantations in America, the western world might still have bowed to the British sceptre. Cowley might never have been a poet, if he had not found the *Faëry Queen* in his mother's parlour; Opie might have perished in mute obscurity, if he had not looked over the shoulder of his young companion, Mark Otes, while he was drawing a butterfly; Giotto, one of the early Florentine painters, might have continued a rude shepherd boy, if a sheep drawn by him upon a stone had not attracted the notice of Cimabue as he went that way.—*Asiatic Journal for September.*

MICROSCOPIC VIEW OF THE FLY.

The eye of the common house-fly is fixed so as to enable its prominent organs of vision to view accurately the objects around in every direction; it is furnished with 8000 hexagonal faces, all calculated to convey perfect images to the optic nerve—all slightly convex—all acting as so many cornea—8000 included within the space no larger than the head of a pin!—all hexagonal—all of the best possible form, to prevent a waste of space! This is so wonderful that it would stagger belief, if not vouched for by being the result of the microscopical researches of such men as Lewenhoeck, and others equally eminent.—*From a newspaper.*

ELOCUTION.

Perhaps nothing so soon betrays the education and association as the modes of speech; and few accomplishments so much aid the charm of female beauty as a graceful and even utterance; while nothing so soon produces the disenchantment that necessarily follows a discrepancy between appearance and manner, as a mean intonation of voice or a vulgar use of words.—*J. F. Cooper, in the Deer-slayer.*

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